

TERMS.

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THE GOOD TIME COMING.

BY CHARLEY CARROLL.

From earth's remotest, most brightened age,
Until the present time of hope and toil,
The star which guided and still guides her eyes,
And gives them joy through all the world's turmoil,
The antidote for war, the cure of strife and pain,
The harvest time of earth, which yields each joy increase,
The glad millennium day of bliss
Is the good time coming.

The light that shines upon the pathway dreary
Of hopeless mourners, groping in despair,
And glads a scene for all, bright and cheery,
Where only joy breathes on the air,
The ray that from their hearts drives back the shades of night,
Re-lights the torch of hope, and puts their woes to flight,
The light that cheers them from afar,
Is the good time coming.

The guerdon of each noble soul's endeavor,
That arms its truth against the world's blind scorn,
The bright ideal of that future time,
Whose morning dawns with ever-dawning morn,
Is the good time coming.

The guerdon of hope, that waves o'er each true heart,
The gleaming shield of faith, that parries every fear,
The anchor of the soul's desires,
Is the good time coming.

The bright Utopia of the poet's numbers,
The Alabama of the toiling wage,
The glad Eureka of earth-dreamers slumber,
With every people, and in every age,
Is the good time coming.

Our hope's far-vested joy, the gleaming future's treasure,
The hour of every joy, the realm of every pleasure,
Is the good time coming.

Ho! ye who wait, in faith, the watched for dawning
Of this glad day whose promise cannot fail,
Work till the night come on, from early morn,
Firm grasping plough, and spade and eken flail,
For the good time coming.

Nor let your first faith waver, nor let your soul's first line
But trusting future hours for end of present anguish,
With brave, true heart, and strong right arm,
Speed the good time coming.

Rockland, April 19, 1856.

THE HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL.

BY ANSON B. CLIFFORD.

Mr. John Somers was a merchant, doing business in a thriving country village. He had two clerks in his employ, and some difference to mind points of character—Peter White was twenty-one years of age, the child of a now widowed mother, and in his choice of a profession he had only been governed by the desire to yield to his mother and self the surest means of honest support. Walter Sturgis was of the same age, and equally as honest, but he paid more attention to outward appearance of things, than did his companion. For instance, he called him to put on his frock and overalls, and help pack up pork, potatoes and so on, while Peter cared not what he did so long as his master required it, and it was honest.

One day Mr. Somers called the two young men into his counting room and closed the door after them. His countenance looked troubled, and it was some moments before he spoke.

Boys, he said, at length, I have been doing a very foolish thing. I have lent my name to those I thought friends, and they have ruined me. I go home with accommodation notes, and they promised solemnly that these notes should not pass from their hands save to such men as I might accept. Of course I took their notes in exchange. They have now failed and cleared out, and have left my paper in the market to the amount of seven or eight thousand dollars. I may arise again, but I must give up my business—Everything in the store is attached, and I am left utterly powerless to do business now—I have looked over your accounts, and I find that I owe you about a hundred dollars each. Now, I have just a hundred dollars in money, and the small piece of land on the side of the hill just back of the town house. There are four acres of the land, and I have been offered a hundred dollars for it, by those who have lands adjoining. I feared this blow, which has come upon me, and I conveyed this land to my brother: so now he can convey it to whom he pleases. Now I wish you would make your choice. But as I cannot pay you both money and land, but as I cannot, one of you must take the land. What say you? You Walter, have been with me the longest, and you shall say first.

Walter Sturgis hesitated some moments, and he said,

I'm sure I don't want the land, unless I could sell it right off.

Ah, but that won't do, returned Mr. Somers. If you take the land you must keep it. Were you to sell it, my creditors would say at once that I pocketed the money.

Then I am willing to divide the hundred dollars with Peter, for if he had the land I should do nothing with it.

You need not divide the money for I can easily raise the hundred dollars on the land. My brother will do that. But I imagined that you would prefer the land, for I knew the soil was good, though quite rocky—However, what say you Peter?

Why, I will take the land, returned Peter, or I will divide equally with Walter—each of us to take half the money and half the land.

But what should I want with the land? said Walter. I could not work it, I—I should hardly like to descend from a clerkship to digging and delving in blue frock and cow-hide boots.

Then it is easily settled, rejoined Peter, for I should prefer the land.

Walter was pleased with this, and before night he had the hundred dollar bill in his pocket, and Peter had the warrant deed of the four acres of land upon the hill side—Both the young men belonged to the village and had always lived there. It was only five miles from the city, and of course many city fashions were prevalent there. It was under the influence of this fashion that Walter Sturgis refused to have anything to do with the land.

Times were dull, and business slack, even though it was early spring. Peter White's first object, after having got the deed of his land, was to hunt up some kind of work—Had been a mechanic he might have found some place, but he knew no trade except that of salesman and book keeping. A whole week he searched in vain for employment; but at the end of that time he found an old farmer who wanted a hand, through he could not afford to pay much. But Peter finally, and with the advice of Mr. Somers, made an arrangement of this kind. He would work for the old farmer (Mr. Stevens) steadily until the ground was open, and then

he should have half the time to devote upon his own land, and in part payment for his services, Stevens was to help about the ox work that the youth might need. Next Peter went to the hotel, where there was quite a stable, and engaged a hundred loads of manure, the landlord promising to take his pay in produce when harvest time came. So Peter White put on a blue frock and cow-hide boots, and went to work for farmer Stevens.

In the meantime Walter Sturgis had been to the city to try to find a situation in some store, and he came back bootless. He was surprised when he met Peter driving an ox team through the village. At first he could hardly believe his own eyes. Could it be possible that that was Peter White in that blue frock, and those cow-hide boots? On the next day a relation from the city came to visit Walter. They walked out, and during the day Walter saw Peter coming towards them with his team. He was hauling lumber which Mr. Stevens had been getting out during the winter. Walter saw how coarse and humble his clerk-mate looked, and he knew that Peter would hail him if they met, so he caught his companion by the arm and dodged into a by lane. Peter saw the movement, and he understood it, but he only smiled. By and by the snow was all gone from the hill-side. The wintry garb was removed from that spot some time before it left other places, for Peter's lot lay on the southern slope of the hill, and thus had all the advantages of the warm sun all day without any of the cold north and east winds. The youth found his land very rocky, but none of them were permanent; so his first move was to get off some of these obstructions, and as Mr. Stevens' land was not yet clear from snow, he was able to give his young workman considerable assistance. They took two yokes of oxen and two drags, and went at it and in just five days every rock was at the foot of the slope, and made into a good stone wall. Peter then hauled his hundred loads of manure which he had bought for seventy-five dollars, had part of it plowed in, and part he saved for the top-dressing.

Peter now worked early and late, and much of the time he had help. Mr. Stevens was surprised at the richness of the soil, but there was reason for it. At the top of the hill there was a huge ledge, and the rocks which had encumbered the hill-side, must, at some former period have come tumbling down from the ledge; and these rocks, laying there for ages, perhaps, and covering nearly half the surface of the ground, had served to keep the soil moist and mellow.

The first thing Peter planted, was about a quarter of an acre of water melons. If he got in some early garden sauce, such as potatoes, sweet corn, peas, beans, radishes, cucumbers, tomatoes and so on. And he got his whole piece worked up and planted before Stevens' farm was free from snow.

People stopped in the road and gazed upon the hillside in wonder. Why had that spot never been used before? For forty years it had been used as a sheep pasture, the rocks having forbidden all thoughts of cultivating it. But how admirably it was situated for early tillage; and how rich the soil must have been, with sheep running over it so long. An adjoining hill shut off the east winds, and the hill itself gave its back to the chill north.

Peter had planted an acre of corn, an acre of potatoes, and the rest he had divided among all sorts of produce. Then he went to work for Stevens again, and in a few weeks he had more than paid for all the labor he had been obliged to hire on his own land.

In the meantime, again, Walter Sturgis had been looking after employment. His hundred dollars were used up to the last penny, and just then he accepted a place in one of the stores in the village, at a salary of three hundred dollars a year. He still wondered how Peter White could content himself in such business. Peter used to be invited to all the little parties when he was a clerk, but he was not invited now. Walter Sturgis went to these parties, and he was highly complimented by them. Also, when Peter was a clerk, there were several young and handsome damsels who loved to bask in the sunlight of his smiles, and one of them he fancied he loved. After he had got his hill-side planted, he went to see Cordelia Henderson, and he asked her if she would become his wife at some future period, when he was prepared to take such an article to his home. She told him she would think of it and let him know by letter. Three days afterwards he received a letter from her, in which she stated that she could not think of uniting her destinies with a man who could only drive in the earth for a livelihood—Peter shed a few tears over the unexpected note, and then he reasoned on the subject, and finally blessed his fate, for he was sure that such a girl was not what he needed for a wife.

When the first of July came, Peter reckoned up his accounts, and he found Mr. Stevens was owing him just two dollars, and all he owed in the world was the seventy-five dollars for manure. On the third day of July he carried to the hotel ten dollars' worth of green peas, beans and radishes; and in three days afterwards he carried to the city twenty-eight dollars worth. Towards the end of the month he had sold one hundred and thirty dollars worth of early potatoes, peas, beans, &c. Then he had early corn enough to bring him fifteen dollars more. Ere long his melons were ripe, and a dealer in the city had engaged them all. He had six hundred cents apiece for which he received fourteen cents apiece by the lot, making eighty-four dollars for the whole.

During the whole summer, Peter was kept busy in attending to the gathering and selling of the products of his hillside. He helped Mr. Stevens in haying, and about some other matters—enough so that he could have some help when he wanted it. When the last harvesting came, he gathered in seventy-eight bushels of corn and four hundred bushels of potatoes, besides turnips, squashes, pumpkins, etc., and eighteen bushels of white beans.

On the first day of November, Peter White sat down and reckoned up the proceeds of his land, and he found that the piece had yielded him just five hundred and five dollars, and besides this he had corn, potatoes, beans and vegetables enough for his own consumption. That winter he worked for Mr. Stevens at getting out lumber for twenty-five dollars per month; and when spring came, he was ready to go at his land again.

In the meantime, Walter Sturgis had worked a year at a fashionable calling for three hundred dollars, and at the end of the term he was the absolute owner of just two dollars. Say, Peter, you aren't going to work on that land of yours another season, are you? asked Walter as the two met in the street one morning.

But here's Simons wants a clerk, and I told him I guessed you would be glad to come. What will he pay? Three hundred. Ah, Walter, I can make more than that from my land. Sturgis opened his eyes in astonishment. You're joking, he said. No, sir, I received five hundred and fifty dollars in money last season. Seventy-five of that went for manure; but some of that manure is now on hand, as I found the land so rich last year as not to need much more than half of it. This season I shall have two hundred dollars worth of strawberries, if nothing happens unusual. And you don't have to work any winters to do this? No, four months labor is about all I can lay out to advantage on it. Walter went to his store, and during the rest of the evening he wondered how it was that some folks had so much luck. During the second season Peter had experience for a guide, and he filled up many gaps that he left open the year before. His strawberries turned out better than he had anticipated, and he made a better arrangement for his melons. And then from all that land whereon he planted his early peas, etc., he obtained a second crop of much value. It was but one hour's drive into the city, and he always obtained the highest prices, for he brought the earliest vegetables in the market.

On the first day of the next November he had cleared seven hundred dollars for the season over and above all expenses. One morning after the crops were all in, Peter found a man walking about over the land, and as the young man came up the stranger asked him who owned the hill side.

It is mine, sir, replied Peter. The man looked about, and then went away, and on the next day he came again with two others. They looked over the place, and they seemed to be dividing it off into small lots. They remained about an hour and then went away. Peter suspected the land was wanted for something. That evening he stepped in at the post office, and there he heard that a railroad was going to be put through the village as soon as the workmen could be set at it.

On the next morning Peter went out upon his land, and as he reached the upper boundary and turned and looked down, the truth flashed upon him. His hill side had gentle, easy slope and the view from any part of it was delightful. A brook ran down through it, from an exhaustless spring up in the ledge, and the locality would be cool and agreeable in summer and warm in winter. At the foot of the hill, on the left, lay a small lake, while the river ran in sight for several miles.

Of course, soliloquized Peter, they think this would make beautiful building lots. And wouldn't it be curious that I never thought of it before. And then when the railroad comes here, people from the city will want their dwellings here. But this land is valuable. It is worth—let me see—say six hundred dollars a year. I can easily get eight or nine hundred for what I can raise here, and I know that two hundred dollars will pay me a good round price for all the labor I perform on it. And then when my peach trees grow up, and my strawberry beds increase—It is more valuable to me than it could be to any one else.

When Peter went home, he could not resist the temptation to sit down and calculate how many house lots his land would make; and he found that his hill side would afford fifty building spots, with a good garden to each one. But he didn't think of selling.

Two days afterwards, six men came to look at the land, and after traveling over it, and sticking up some stakes, they went away. That evening Peter went down to the hotel, and the first thing he heard was:

How do you get on, Peter? Why, how much did you get for your hillside? What do you mean? Haven't you sold it? No, sir. Why, there was a man here looking at it a week or so ago, and to-day he came and brought five city merchants with him, and I can take my oath, that each one of them engaged a building lot of him. One of 'em spoke to me about what a lovely spot it was; and I told him nobody would have thought of building there till you got the rocks off. But haven't you sold it though? No, not an inch of it. Why, that man told me he had engaged to pay four hundred dollars for a choice lot of twelve square rods. Then he will find his lot somewhere else, I guess, till I sell out.

Some more conversation was held, and then Peter went home. On the following forenoon, the very man who had been the first to come and look at the hill side, called to see Peter, introducing himself as Mr. Anderson.

Let's see—I believe you own some two or three acres of land, up here on the hillside, he said, Peter, dryly.

O yes, I suppose so. But you are willing to sell out, I suppose? Certainly. The man's eyes began to brighten. How much would you want for it? he asked. Well, I don't know. What could you afford to pay? Why, I suppose I could afford to pay a great deal more than it is worth. Rather than not have it I would pay—well, say—two hundred dollars, or two hundred and fifty at the outside.

I don't think there is much use of our talking, sir. But—you paid one hundred only, if I mistake not.

I had my choice between one hundred dollars and the land, and I chose the latter. But as you seem to labor in the dark, I will explain to you. In the first place, there is not another spot of land in this section of the country that possesses the natural advantages which this one does. I can have my

neighbors get their ground plowed; so I have my early sauce in market ahead of all others save a few hot-house owners, whose plants cannot compare with mine for strength and size. Then my soil is very rich, and yields fifty per cent more than most other land. Now look at this: During the last season I have realized over eight hundred dollars from this land, and next season I can get much more than that, for my strawberry vines are flourishing finely. There are not any two farms in this town that can possibly be made to realize so much money as my hillside, for you see it is the time of my produce and not quantity, that does the business. A bushel of my early peas on the twenty-second day of May, are worth ten times as much as my neighbor's bushel on the first of July and August. Two hundred dollars will more than pay me for all my time and trouble in attending to my land; so you see I have this year six hundred dollars interest.

Then you wouldn't sell for less than six hundred, I suppose? said Mr. Anderson, carefully.

Would you sell out a concern that was yielding you a net profit of six hundred dollars a year for that sum, sir? asked Peter. A—hem—well—ah—you put it rather curiously.

Then I'll put it plainly. You may have the hillside for ten thousand dollars.

Mr. Anderson laughed; but he found that Peter was in earnest, and he commenced to curse and swear. At this, Peter simply turned and left his customer to himself, and he saw nothing more of the speculator.

Two days afterwards, however, three of the merchants came to see our hero, and when they had heard his simple story, they were ready to do justly by him. They went up and examined the spring, which they found to be pure as crystal, and as it was then a dry season they saw that the supply of water could never fail, and all the houses which might be built on Peter's land could be supplied with running water, even in the very act of the upper ones.

The man who owned the land above Peter's, including the ledge and the spring, and he agreed to sell for two hundred dollars. This, to builders, was a great bargain, for the stone of the ledge was excellent granite. Then they called a surveyor and made a plot of the hillside, whereby they found that they could have forty building lots, worth from two hundred and fifty to four hundred dollars each. They hesitated not a moment after the plot was made, but paid Peter his ten thousand dollars cheerfully.

Ere many days after this transaction, Peter White received a very polite note from Cordelia Henderson, asking him to call and see her, but he did not call. He hunted up Mr. Somers and went into business with him, and this very day Somers & White do business in that town, and Walter Sturgis is their book-keeper. And in all the country there is not a prettier spot than the old hillside. The railroad depot is near its foot, and it is reached by numerous dwellings, in which live merchants who do business in the adjacent city.

One thing Peter missed—that he did not reserve a building spot for himself. But his usual good fortune attended him, even here. A wealthy banker had occasion to move to another section of the country, and sold out his house and garden to Peter, for just one half what the building cost him. So Peter took a wife who loved him when he dug in the earth, and found a home for her and himself upon the old hillside.

And now, reader, where do you think the hillside is? Perhaps you know; for it is a veritable history I have been writing, and the place I have told you about is now one of the most select suburban residences.

A BOND OF UNION.

Louise Duperrier was eighteen years of age; she danced gracefully, sang agreeably and played the piano like the rest of the world; her family thought it was time for her to marry.

Among the young men who visited at their house, Louise had a great admirer, who could make a graceful bow, turn a compliment well, respect the rules of a quadrille, and decipher at one sight a new romance; he was in his twenty-sixth year, and just been admitted to the bar, and was altogether a perfectly suitable husband for Louise.

Madame Duperrier assumed one day a very grave air to announce to her daughter that she must prepare to become Madame Laverney; the Laverneys and Duperriers families having come to an agreement on the reciprocal advantages of a marriage between Edouard and Louise.

Out of respect to that custom which prescribes that before the indissoluble knot is tied a young couple should have time to study each other's character, it was resolved to allow a reasonable latitude to this mutual investigation, and the signature of the contract was deferred for a fortnight. As Edouard during this time was authorized to visit his betrothed every day, Madame Duperrier thought it her duty to give some instructions to her daughter, which might be summed up thus:

"My child, no surprises, no inequalities of temper, and, above all, no negligences in your toilet. Your lover, at whatever moment he may present himself, must find you gentle, smiling and perfectly well dressed; marriage is a battle to be gained; be always under arms."

The task was not difficult. Edouard delighted at a marriage which secured to him two things generally envied, a fine dowry and a pretty wife, took care to present himself in full toilette, usually as well as physically. Could Louise be otherwise than pleased to a lover always so gracious, attentive, submissive?

The fortnight of trial passed in a perfectly satisfactory manner on both sides, the contract was signed, and the young couple were conducted in great pomp before the mayor and the cure. We have shown Edouard and Louise in their character of betrothed lovers, let us look at them now as husband and wife.

Contrary to the assertions of astrologers, who pretend that every moon is composed of a different element, the honeymoon of the new couple was not prolonged beyond the first. They had yet in their ears the thousand voices which wished them an unalterable felicity, when the first cloud darkened their horizon; yet it was a day which seemed made for happiness; the skies were blue, the clouds under those of her husband.

"No more visits to make," thank Heaven," said Edouard; "this is a lovely day, which we can spend as we like."

"And we shall have a delightful promenade, shall we not?"

"With all my heart; get ready as soon as possible."

"You need not fear. I shall not make you wait."

"What a pleasure," said Edouard, rubbing his hands joyfully, to get away for a little while from this cursed, noisy Paris, and breathe the pure air of the country."

"What did you say my friend?"

"I said that in the month of July, and in weather like this, the country must be in all its splendor."

"Oh! the country is very dismal."

"Do you think so? nothing can be gayer; woods, meadows, flowers, rivulets, birds twittering in the trees."

"And not a voice to say as we pass along: 'What a handsome couple! I confess I prefer the boulevards!'"

"Oh! the boulevards—do you think them pleasant?"

"Charming."

"Two rows of trees between two rows of houses."

"But what houses! They are palaces."

"A pit-poll of carriages and people crossing and hitting each other."

"An agreeable variety of shops and toilettes."

"Bustle, noise, dust."

"There is no noise or movement in the country, I must allow; only the silence of the desert and the immobility of the tomb. Come now, confess your defeat with a good grace; the country is death, Paris is life. We will have a walk on the boulevards."

"Not at all. I have an insurmountable antipathy to the boulevards. We will go to the country."

"Is this an order?"

"A request, and you are too good not to yield."

"To yield to tyranny, however masked, is not goodness but weakness."

"I am curious to know who the tyrant is to you."

"You, sir, who require me to sacrifice my taste to yours."

"It is rather you, madame, who pay no regard to my wishes, and wish to subject me to your caprices."

"I assure you that I am not at all disposed to accept the part of a victim."

"And I certainly shall not consent to be yours."

Edouard and Louise looked at each other a moment, then, with an air of mutual defiance, they seated themselves, Louise at her piano, and Edouard at a sofa. He took a book and began to read with imperturbable calmness. The fingers of Louise remained immovable upon the keys, but the agitation of her little feet betokened a titanic power upon the floor showed that her nerves were under a terrible strain.

Edouard at length made a movement of impatience.

"This reading interests me, madame; I should like to pursue it uninterrupted. This music—"

"Does it disturb you? I am exceedingly sorry, but it is necessary to continue my musical studies."

"Without touching the keys? A singular method."

"I am in despair that it does not please you. The tattoo became more animated."

"I must withdraw to my study," said Edouard at length.

"I would not have the presumption to place any obstacle in your way."

Edouard rose; Louise, as he was about to quit the room, said—

"If however, you should decide—"

"To accompany you to the boulevards? Impossible, madame."

As he was crossing the threshold of the door, he turned:

"If on reflection, you should conclude—"

"To follow you to the country? Never, sir."

Edouard nunched out with a measured step, and shut the door with all the gravity of an aspirant to the magistracy.

"It is a declaration of war," said Louise, indignantly. I accept it.

From this time, however, became worse and worse every day. Edouard and Louise, more and more irritated against each other, had no other care or occupation than to invent means of annoyance. In their rare conversations, irony and epigrams were ever on their lips. Happiness and peace seemed forever banished from the household.

Louise went one day to visit friend; it was raining, and while the ladies were talking of the fashions and the theatre, the master of the house, followed by a Newfoundland dog who was both wet and muddy. Happy to find himself under shelter, the animal gave a shake which distributed around him a dew of a very doubtful purity, then began to leap upon the silk dresses of his mistress and Louise, leaving the print of his paws at every bound; at last he stretched himself out on a drum of sky-blue velvet, between two cushions whose embroidery he knew by way of amusement. On her return, Louise was imprudent enough to describe this scene in no approving terms in the presence of her husband. Her comments were not lost upon Edouard, who returned the same evening with a magnificent Newfoundland dog answering the name of Tom.

At a breakfast which Edouard gave to some of his friends, the conversation turned upon the instincts and habits of animals; each of the guests spoke of his pet animal, and Edouard

cat. "It is selfish, thieving, cruel," he said; "his cat is not marked of affection, but expressions of its wants. When it gets a mouse in its claws, it will restore it to a dreadful liberty, twenty times, for the pleasure of seizing it again. There never was more horrible torture for a pleasure, nor more refined cruelty in an executioner."

After this violent sortie on the felina race, Louise could not live without a cat; she chose a superb Angora, which she christened with the name of Raton.

It may be imagined that there was not an intense cordiality between Raton and Louise, always ready to come to the assistance of her favorite, was lavished of correction to Tom, while Raton received an equal share from Edouard, all which did not increase the harmony of the household.

Among the visitors whom the ties of relationship or their position in the world obliged Edouard and Louise to receive, there were some whom monsieur favored with his affection, while for others he felt repugnance. Madame made it her duty to be very liberal of courtesies to the last, and to reserve all her coldness for the future. It is useless to add that monsieur made rehearsals on the persons whom madame liked or detested.

Edouard naturally gay in his disposition, had a great aversion for sombre colors, particularly black. Louise had suddenly a great passion for this color. She wore black mantillas, black dresses, black hats, black veils; you would have thought she had lost every member of her family.

Reconciliation was not long in coming. Louise had said a hundred times that she would not marry, but she was now ready to do so. The change their apartments in the Rue de Rivoli for a palace; Edouard suddenly discovered that the location was too noisy; he gave warning to his landlord, and took lodgings in a dark house in the most deserted street of the Marais.

Monsieur, even in spite of the opinion which Edouard put in the mouth of the professor M. Jordan, was powerless to reestablish harmony. To the great annoyance of delicate ears in the neighborhood, soon as madame began to play in the key of *sol*, madame would strike a prelude for the key of *la*, and if monsieur found pleasure in the melancholy movement of an *adagio*, madame commenced immediately one of the most sparkling polkas of her repertoire.

They had lived thus for more than a month. The day had come when Louise was only waiting to make it over to him. It was not long in coming.

One morning, Edouard, as he was about to go to the court room, perceived Raton nonchalantly extended upon the papers he was to take with him. It was permitted to Tom to take such a liberty but in Raton it was an irreverence, which could not be chastised so severely. The indiscreet Angora, vigorously seized by the neck described a curve whose extremity encountered a beautiful porcelain vase, a recent present to Louise from her dearest boarding-school friend. Attracted by the noise, Louise came running to see what a disaster had befallen her. The vase was shattered in a thousand fragments.

"You have taught me, sir, to be surprised at nothing," she said, picking up the precious fragments.

"Blame this cursed animal, madame, whom I found extended on my papers."

"This poor animal has only spared you the initiative in a new style of annoyance, which you would doubtless soon have invented."

"I am lost in admiration of your perspicacity, madame, and especially at the amenability of your conjectures."

"To predict the future is only necessary to recall the past."

"You delight in playing the part of a victim."

"No one will dispute with you the palm in that of tyrant."

"If the tyranny is so insupportable—"

"The slave should then throw off the yoke! Is that what you would say to sir?"

"At any rate nothing is easier; husbands have no battles at the present day to support this degraded tyranny."

"If they had, most of them would throw the doors open on condition of never seeing the prisoners again."

"A not unreasonable conjecture."

"I have been thinking seriously, for some time, of satisfying your secret desire."

"Indeed! I have not accustomed to have my wishes thus anticipated."

"My mother has already offered me an annulment."

"Ah! you are a woman of precaution."

"And of execution."

"Whenever you wish—"

"This very evening, sir."

"The sooner the better."

The quarrel was interrupted by the announcement: "Here is the doctor, madame."

Louise had been indisposed for several days, and had given orders that the physician should be sent for.

None of the disputes between the husband and wife had proceeded so far as this; Edouard bowed to the doctor, and went out, merely casting a haughty glance at his wife, which was returned with a look of defiance.

What took place between Louise and the physician! Nothing but what is very common. The doctor gravely felt at her pulse, made inquiries respecting her appetite, her diet, the state of her spirits; also, having expressed his opinion in a few words, he wrote a mild prescription and withdrew; yet he hardly departed when Louise sank back into her chair, and tears flowed freely down her cheeks; but her grief was not of long duration. By degrees her brow became more serene; a smile played on her lips; the color returned to her cheeks; her eyes shone.

"Yes," she exclaimed, "it is a sacred duty, which I will perform,"—and soon after she added, "a duty! I will make it a pleasure. I will find my happiness in it."

She did not go to her mother that evening, as she had threatened.

Edouard did not pass a very tranquil night; though satisfied he was right in asserting his own authority, he reflected that he might have done with a little less harshness; but the evil was irreparable now; he must meet the consequences with firmness and philosophy.

We may judge of his surprise the next morning when at the breakfast table he saw Louise take her usual place. At table, Louise looked in vain for any traces of the grief which had animated her the evening before. Her face was perfectly calm, though somewhat pale. Edouard, attributing to illness what was the natural consequence of a sleepless night, thought himself bound at least to make the commonplace enquiry after her health, and said—

"Are you indisposed, madame?"

"I have been, but am quite well now," she replied, in a tone so gentle as to excite Edouard's surprise.

At the close of the repast, the cook came in to receive her orders.

"I wish you to procure some woodcocks for dinner to-day," said Louise.

"But I thought madame disliked them."

"My husband fancies them, that is enough."

It was a trifling thing, but it was the first concession that Louise had made since their marriage, and her husband said, good humoredly—

"Since you are to have woodcocks you had better invite your uncle Joseph to dine."

Uncle Joseph was one of those on whom monsieur had most frequently availed the sarcasms of madame.

Edouard had replied to the civility of Louise by a civility on his part, yet he kept himself on his guard. "Women are adroit," he reflected. "What they cannot gain by force they attempt to gain by art. Perhaps this unexpected display of good-will is a trap for my generosity. I must be firm as well as courteous."

The day had commenced too well to end ill. Edouard, in the course of it, recalling the aerial voyage of the unfortunate Raton, began to feel some remorse, and looked around for the poor animal to give it at least the indemnity of a caress; but the Angora was neither on the carpet nor on the divan, nor on the law papers, which had been the starting point for his previous leap.

"What has become of Raton?" he asked of a servant.

"Raton has gone away. I carried it this morning to madame's mother. Madame says

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This was so extraordinary, so incomprehensible, that it had to be repeated before Edouard could believe it.

And his surprise was not greater than that of honest uncle Joseph, when on accepting, somewhat unwillingly, his niece's invitation, Edouard met him with a cordial smile, pressed his hand warmly, and paid him many compliments; and, while all this time, as if unconscious, there was no smiling Tom to salute him as usual with a growl.

"What have you done with Tom?" he asked at length. "Have you shut him up?"

"I have done better; I have sent him to a brother lawyer who admires him very much, while I was glad to be rid of a troublesome animal who bit my friends and annoyed my wife."

It is necessary to say that during the rest of the day Louise was charmingly amiable, and Edouard, unconsciously, began to feel that his wife was not so much to be despised, as he had declared that now that that dog was gone, the house of his niece was a veritable terrestrial paradise.

The next day, while at one toilet, Louise put her hand, by habit, on one of those black dresses which Edouard particularly disliked, but, recollecting herself she selected the freshest and most exquisite dress in her wardrobe, placed a flower in her hair, and another in her corsage, then yielding to the influence of the bright colors of her dress, she began to sing merrily, running from one apartment to another, to survey herself in the different mirrors.

Suddenly she encountered Edouard in the passage. Their meeting was like a coup de theatre. Louise in her gay dress, with a smile on her lips, and a look of pleasure on her face, and so pretty—that it was all the difference between a sulky woman and a woman in good humor.

Edouard's admiration betrayed itself by an involuntary exclamation, but alarmed at this equivalent of a confession, he retreated suddenly, in fear of losing that firmness and respect which he considered it necessary to maintain. When they met again he was better prepared but not less charmed.

"Your toilette, madame," he said, "reminds me that our lodgings are really dismal. Our apartments in the Rue de Rivoli were after all, we can return there if it is agreeable to you."

Louise showed by a graceful inclination of the head that she felt the value of this generous offer.

"Verily," she said to herself, "the force of obeying I am likely to become mistress."

"I am satisfied with myself," said Edouard in returning to his apartment. "Without allowing my weakness to have acknowledged an attention by its equivalent, I have still acquitted myself of an obligation like a gentleman, and not like a simpleton."

In the contentment which this self-appraisal inspired, he took his flute and commenced a lively march. All at once, it seemed to him that a distant piano, the tone of some accompaniment, was accompanying him in his march. He stopped, and with notes not less sparkling. He thought. The piano is silent. He resumes to a still more lively movement; the piano abandons itself to the most brilliant variations. Is it an echo? No, certainly, the piano of Louise finds itself for the first time after so long an interval in accord with Edouard's flute.

Charmed with a pleasure whose novelty doubled its attraction, our virtuous novice changed the *allegro* movement to an *adagio* full of sentiment and sadness. Immediately the piano resumed its accompaniment of some accompaniment. A touching evocation seems to inspire the two instruments; the flute sighs and weeps; the piano forgets its light and sparkling nature to become mellow and creasing. Carried away by the truthfulness, power and harmony, the souls of the two performers seem to melt into one. Suddenly, the flute stops; Louise waits for it to recommence; when she hears a sound behind her and her husband's arm is around her waist.

Monsieur Jourdain's professor of music was right.

"How pleasant it is to understand each other!" said Edouard one evening after they were established again in their apartments in the Rue de Rivoli.

"Yet we have debated ourselves for a whole month of our engagement," replied Louise.

"What folly!"

"The folly would have lasted yet, sir," said Louise, archly, "if I had not the inspiration to take the first step."

"You are an angel! I shall never pardon myself for having allowed you to anticipate me in your generosity."

"I am too honest, dear Edouard, to let you attribute to generosity what was only the result of a single word of our good doctor. That day I threatened you with a separation and was fully resolved to execute my foolish intention; but I was this magical word pronounced that an entire revolution took place in my ideas; my eyes were open to a new light."

"And what was this important word to which I owe so much happiness?"

"This word was 'I guess it without my pronouncing it.' Come!"

"Taking her husband by the hand, Louise led him to a little cabinet which had been closed since their return to their former lodgings.

In the midst of the cabinet was a cradle.

"WHAT ARE WE COMING TO?" This is the question that takes the place of all others, in relation to the alarming condition of our national affairs. What are we coming to?—when murderers and trained bullies sit in the councils of the nation, and their abettors and supporters occupy the high places of the land! There is but one answer.—We are coming to the ruin of the nation. Those who are now engaged in settling the questions that now agitate the country, are looking in the wrong direction. Legal and constitutional action is the only resort to this crisis. Upon this, and this only, should every man fix his eyes, and to this he should turn his back. The only way to escape this crisis is to turn our backs upon it. To suggest nothing else till this has been tried and found wanting—time will only come when the great experiment of republicanism is proved a failure. Let every true man, then, come to this conclusion, that the law is the only way to escape this crisis. Let him believe that when the crisis is at hand, it is not worth the having; and let him approach it with all the faith that heaven can bestow. Let him pray to the throne of God. The time is coming, when the nation will be back upon its feet as soldiers leap upon their ranks waiting for orders to fire. Decide, as events and facts afford the means, from what comes the fault and from what the remedy—who is doing right and who wrong—and then, in the light of heaven and earth, make the right use of every weapon of a republican freeman, directed to the mark!

"POP GOES THE WEASEL."—The origin of this popular phrase from a popular song, involved in obscurity, but the following story, from Professor Fowler's "American Pulpit" would seem to indicate that it is a corruption of "Pop goes the weevil."

Brother Craven was once preaching in the heart of Virginia, and spoke as follows: "Here are a great many professors of religion to-day. You are sleek, fat, good-looking, yet something is the matter with you. Now you have seen wheat which was plump, round and good-looking to the eye, but when you weighed it, you found that it only came to forty-five or perhaps forty-eight pounds to the bushel, when it should be sixty-three pounds. Take a kernel of that wheat between your thumb and finger, hold it up, squeeze it, and—pop goes the weevil. Now you good-looking professors of religion, you are plump and round, but you only weigh forty-five or forty-six pounds to the bushel—What is the matter? Ah! when you are taken between the thumb of the law and finger of the gospel, held up to the light and squeezed, out pops the curly head and the whisky bottle."

The ship Stephen Heath, from Fort Phillips, Australia, for London, was spoken on our ship, by ship West Point, arrived at New York, and reported she had two and a half tons of gold on board, and one half of the crew in gold.

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